

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED : IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877.

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5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), 14th July, will be performed
NICOLAÏ's Opera, "LE VISPE COMARI DI WINDSOR" (founded upon
Shakspeare's play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*). Mrs Ford, Mdlle Thalberg.

Last Week.

On MONDAY next, 16th July (last time this Season), "LA TRAVIATA."
Mdlle, Mdm Adelina Patti.

Benefit of Mdlle Zare Thalberg.

On TUESDAY next, 17th July (second and last time this Season), NICOLAÏ's
Opera, "LE VISPE COMARI DI WINDSOR" ("THE MERRY WIVES OF
WINDSOR"). Mrs Ford, Mdlle Thalberg.

On WEDNESDAY next, 18th July (first and only time this Season), "HAMLET."
Mdlle Albani.

Benefit of Mdlle Adelina Patti.

On THURSDAY next, 19th July (last time this Season), "FAUST E
MARGHERITA." Mdlle Adelina Patti.

Benefit of Mdlle Albani.

On FRIDAY next, 20th July (last time this Season), "LUCIA DI LAMMER-
MOOR." Lucia, Mdlle Albani.

Last Night of the Season.

On SATURDAY, 21st July, "AIDA." Aida, Mdlle Adelina Patti.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five.
Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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Under the immediate Patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN and the Royal Family.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. Doc., Cantab.

THE ANNUAL PRESENTATION of MEDALS and PRIZES, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at this INSTITUTION, in the New Concert-room, on SATURDAY Morning, the 21st inst., at Two o'clock; on which occasion Mdlle Nilsson has kindly consented to present the awards.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street,

Hanover Square, London.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Mdlle CHRISTINE NILSSON has most kindly consented to PRESENT the
PRIZES to the Students on SATURDAY, the 21st inst.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

MR W. H. HOLMES (Pianoforte) THIRD CONCERT,
at LANGHAM HALL, on THURSDAY, 26th July, by his Professional Pupils:—
Miss Baghole, Miss Mary Chatterton, Miss Edith Collins, Miss Rebekah Dunn,
Miss Fleming, Miss Grace Gye, Miss Lindsay, Miss Pamplin, Miss Florence Sanders, Miss Isabel Thurgood; Mr Luton, and Mr Lohr. Violin—Mr Palmer. Violoncello—Herr Lütgen. Vocalist—Mr Frank Holmes. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea (Reserved); Unreserved, Five Shillings. To be had only of MR W. H. HOLMES,
36, Beaumont Street, W.

MR S. G. PRATT, Composer and Pianist, of Chicago (late of Berlin), will give an AFTERNOON CONCERT, on MONDAY, 16th July, at 19, HARLEY STREET, Cavendish Square, W. (by kind permission of Mrs Morell Mackenzie), at Half-past Three o'clock p.m. He will be kindly assisted by the following artists:—Mdlle Alwina Vallerin (of Her Majesty's Theatre, by kind permission of Col. Mapleton), Mdlle Blanche Rosavella, Miss Freeman, Mdlle Antoinette Sterling, Mr William Shakespeare, Mr Thorley, Signor Foli, and Carlos Florentine. Conductors—Mr WILLIAM GANZ and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Tickets, One Guinea; to be had of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street.

A CORNET-A-PISTON PLAYER, "First Prize" of the
Paris Conservatoire, and exclusively a Solo player, will be DISENGAGED
from the 1st of October. Applications to be directed to Mr A. WIEDEMANN,
Pawlowski, near St Petersburg, Maison Kalugin, Quartier No. 2.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Notice.—The Subscription Season will terminate on Tuesday, 27th July, and the Operahouse will close on Saturday, 28th July.
—Second performance this Season of "Lohengrin."

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), 14th July, will be performed
WAGNER's Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Lohengrin, Signor Fancelli (his second appearance in that character); Enrico, Herr Rokitansky; Telramondo, Signor Galassi; L'Araldo del Re, Signor Franceschi; Ortruda, Mdlle Marie Roze; and Elsa di Brabant, Mdlle Christine Nilsson. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. On this occasion the doors will open at Half-past Seven, and the Opera commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Next Week.—Extra Night.

On MONDAY next, 16th July, MOZART's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI," with the following cast: Don Ottavio, Signor Tambril; Don Giovanni, M. Faure; Leporello, Herr Rokitansky; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Il Commendatore, Signor Brocolini; Zerlina, Mdlle Trebelli; Donna Anna, Mdlle Marie Roze; and Donna Elvira, Mdlle Christine Nilsson.

Eighth Appearance of Mdlle Ethelka Gerster.

On TUESDAY next, 17th July, will be produced (for the first time these 16 years), BELLINE's Opera, "I PURITANI." Arturo, Signor Fancelli; Riccardo, Signor Rota; Giorgio, Herr Rokitansky; Bruno, Signor Rinaldi; Walton, Signor Brocolini; Enrichetta, Mdlle Robiati; and Elvira, Mdlle Ethelka Gerster (her first appearance in that character in England).

Extra Night.—Benefit of M. Faure.

On WEDNESDAY next, 18th July, WAGNER's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Talbo; Mephistopheles, M. Faure (his last appearance this Season); Valentin, Signor del Puento; Wagner, Signor Franceschi; Siebel, Mdlle Trebelli; Martha, Mdlle Lablache; and Margherita, Mdlle Christine Nilsson.

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY next, 19th July (last time), DONIZETTI's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdlle Ethelka Gerster. Ballet Divertissement, "LES NYMPHES DE LA FORET."

On SATURDAY, 21st July, "I PURITANI."

Extra Night.

On MONDAY, 23rd July, Benefit of Signor Tambril, "OTELLO."

The doors will open at Eight, and the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock (except as above).

Stalls, 25s.; Dress Circle, 15s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d., Other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Places may be obtained of Mr Bailey, at the Box-Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the portico of the Opera-house, Haymarket, which is open daily from Ten till Five.

ALEXANDRA MUSICAL BOX (Title Protected and Registered). Ornamental wood case, machine made, with the following 13 popular Melodies and Tunes:—Safe in the Arms of Jesus—Jesus of Nazareth passeth by—Sicilian Mariners' Hymn—Lo, He Comes with Clouds—Home, Sweet Home—The Minstrel Boy—Auld Lang Syne—The Keel Row—My Little Bunch of Roses—Tommy, make room for your Uncle—Fair Shines the Moon to-night—Silver Threads among the Gold—The Union Jack of Old England. Forwarded, securely packed and carriage paid, to any address on receipt of a Post-Office Order, value 3s. 8d., payable at General Post-office to JOHN LEWIS & Co., 122, Wick Road, Hackney, N.E.

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WANTED, by a Gentleman of good education, a Situation as
ASSISTANT in a London Music Warehouse. Good pianist; good
references.—C. H., care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

TO LET, Furnished, for the Season, a most charmingly situated VILLA, within half an hour's drive from Boulogne, and a quarter of an hour from the rail-way station. Coachhouse and stables; large grounds; fruit and vegetable gardens. Pony and chaise may be had. For particular address "R. A.," Merridew's Library, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

THAYER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

(From Dwight's "Boston Journal of Music.")

We are happy to be able to assure our readers that the long delayed third volume of this short interesting work (Vol. I. was published in 1866. Vol. II. in 1872) will go to press—in German, like the others—by the beginning of next month. Meanwhile we have been kindly furnished with translations from some of the best German criticisms which appeared after the publication of the second volume, which we have pleasure in presenting. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, for Dec. 18, 1870, writes:—

"We have before us the work of A. W. Thayer (L. v. Beethoven's Life) which we are sorry to say is still unfinished, only one volume having as yet appeared. This however on account of its thoroughness, carefulness of preparation, and its simple clear statement of facts, undoubtedly holds the first place amongst all the biographies of Beethoven which have yet appeared."

The *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung* of Oct. 13, 1871, writes as follows about the second volume:—

"As an Englishman has succeeded in bringing out the best biography of Goethe, so also it seems to have been reserved to one sprung from the same race as Albion's sons, viz.: the American Thayer, to hand down to the German people the best biography of Beethoven; this is at any rate true so far as the outward life of the great composer is concerned. Since the first volume of Beethoven's life by Thayer was given to the public, five years have rolled away; but the very first perusal of this work must have convinced all lovers of the great master, even his most ardent admirers, that the author possesses all the qualifications and acquirements which are indispensably necessary for an exact description of the external life of Beethoven. Never-tiring love for his work, astonishing industry, the most complete giving up of himself to the accomplishment of the task so steadily set before him, great aptitude for literary work, deep power of perception and critical penetration; these are some of the prominent qualifications which here, as in the first volume, will agreeably impress every reader; and so much the more, as the worthy author in true self-appreciation, has limited himself to the mere unfolding of the master's outward life, without seeking to enter upon the subject of his musical creations. The first volume closes with the year 1795, in which Beethoven brings out the three Trios of his first Opus. The second volume gives the continuation of the third book: 'Beethoven's early life in Vienna,' 1792-1800, commenced in the first volume. It then goes on with the fourth book: 'Beethoven on the summit of his creations,' up to the repetition of *Fidelio*, 1800-1806; this is contained in nine chapters. The book closes with nine Appendices.

"Apart from the rich abundance of novelty which throughout the whole book must awaken the deepest admiration; apart also from the delicate irony which exposes the endless errors by which so many biographers have done Beethoven grievous wrong—apart from these and other beauties, one leading feature of the author's power of investigation comes out most prominently; we quickly perceive that the biographer has laid out for himself the very difficult task of following the life of the great master step by step according to time and place. The result is that in this work we have displayed for the first time a rational utilisation of the biographical notices of Wegeler and Ries, whilst all other biographers labour under a most frightful chronological confusion. All other historians are troubled with a most uninteresting disconnectedness of arrangement, whilst here the unfolding of the narrative of this great master's life takes a clear, distinct form. The author's most intense painstaking is crowned with perfect success, clearly proving the truth of the old Greek proverb: 'Love of toil is the father of glory.'

"I will now, however, turn to some of the particulars. At the commencement of the volume we have Beethoven presented to us as a young man of 25 years of age; we accompany him on his professional tour to Prague and Berlin, and discover a strong motive for the production of the 'Heroic Symphony' in the person of General Bernadotte. As early as the fourth chapter of this book (4th chapter, 3rd book), we have the most surprising results placed before us. Up to this time everybody thought it necessary to accept with Schindler, as a fact, that Beethoven in this professional journey awakened in Leipzig the most astonishing excitement by his production. Ludwig Nohl also repeats the same in his life of Beethoven, without making the slightest criticism on it. Our author, however, after the most minute investigation feels himself compelled to deny most emphatically the whole narrative, for, although all possible sources of information were most closely scrutinised, not the slightest intimation of such successes of Beethoven can be

discovered. In this work it is related for the first time, that the young composer, during his stay in Prague, made the acquaintance of the lawyer Dr Kanka, who at a later period was exceedingly helpful to him.

"In a letter from Beethoven to his brother, the apothecary, dated Feb. 19, 1796, among other matters occurs the following passage: 'Prince Lichnowski will soon return to Vienna; he has already set out from here; if you should require any money apply to him without hesitation, for he is still in my debt.' The author, who is indebted to Mrs v. Beethoven for this letter, hereupon remarks: 'How Prince Lichnowski could be in Beethoven's debt we cannot definitely settle.' Now amongst a list of subscribers to Beethoven's Trio, Op. I., at one ducat each, the prince makes a great display, subscribing for twenty copies. Is the supposition far-fetched that Lichnowski had not paid the same in the year 1796. The next chapter offers to us an exquisite bouquet of hitherto unknown events culled from the most brilliant period of the composer's life, 1798-1799. It is perfectly astounding how one man could open up so many and so wide-spread sources of information as those from which Thayer has collected his narratives.

"Of Beethoven's intercourse with his rivals, Joseph Wölfi and Steibelt, with J. B. Cramer and Tomaschek, with Count Brown, who up to this time had been quite unknown as a great patron of the composer, with the celebrated contrabassist Domenico Dragonetti, concerning whom previous biographies have contained nothing at all; of his relations with Mosel and others; of all these we here read many most interesting facts; the interest of which is deepened by many a hitherto unknown feeling of the composer's soul being poured forth in words. For professional composers the following anecdote, taken from Wölfi's life, may be both instructive and amusing. When the great master was once asked why he did not write with so wide a span as he played, he replied: 'What would the world, which already holds me for a fool, say if I offered to ordinary men compositions which are suitable to my own long fingers.'

"The following chapter: 'Beethoven's social intercourse in Vienna' also increases to a considerable extent the reader's pleasure, by the exceedingly interesting richness and novelty of its contents. But we must resist the temptation of touching upon much of this; we can only invite the admirer of Beethoven to read, wonder, and delight in the beauties presented. Here we have the touching picture of the friendly intercourse which existed between Beethoven and the Court Secretary, Nikolas Zineskoll von Domanovecz; there the description of the first glowing admirers of the young composer, the professional violinists, Heinrich Eppinger and Wenzel Krempholz, and the amateur violinist and banker Häring. There are also many other characters introduced which are tolerably well-known to us through the other biographies; but their relation to the composer we here learn for the first time in its true light. Amongst these male forms, suddenly start up, here and there, appearances from the female world, of whose existence in the circle of Beethoven's acquaintances we had hitherto not the smallest idea. We learn here the important fact that Beethoven's friend during his orchestral career in Bonn, the brilliant Magdalena Willmann, fair in form and bewitching in song, who had an engagement during this period in the Court Opera at Vienna, held him so fast bound in her fetters that he asked her hand in marriage. The reason why the charming songstress so mercilessly repulsed Beethoven, who was really serious in his intention of marrying her, Thayer learned from a niece of the former in the following characteristic words: 'Because he (Beethoven) was so ugly and half cracked.' The life of this much appreciated artist, (afterwards Mrs Galvani) was, however, cut short all too early by the inexorable hand of fate, in June, 1802. The following chapter: 'Beethoven's character and person,' closes the third book."

The author has taken care that, with the continuation of the narrative, our admiration should increase in something like geometrical progression. The very first chapter of the fourth book entitled, "The year 1800" affords eloquent proof of this. The interest becomes so absorbing that the reader, even if no very special admirer of Beethoven, is drawn irresistibly along from one chapter to another, until at the close of the picture he darts forward to seek for more, like a hungry wolf in search of prey. It is to be hoped, however, that the worthy author will not leave the famishing wolf to snap his teeth upon air for another five years. In the second volume the description is made so attractive, piquant, and interesting, that even the female mind, in literary matters somewhat weakly sentimental, can enjoy and digest with pleasure the contents of this work.

(To be continued.)

[July 14, 1877.]

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

By H. TRUHN.*

Otto Nicolai, it was of thee that I naturally thought before any one else, when I took up my pen, to note down a few pages of reminiscences dating from the early days of my residence in Berlin, for thou wast from the same province as myself, the friend of my youth, and my model, when I went to Bernhard Klein's, to learn composition. Thou, too, hadst studied under the direction of that distinguished artist and noble-minded man. But, though little more than a year my senior, thou wast far superior to me in musical knowledge and capacity, and often enough didst thou come to my assistance, when I could not manage to form a pianoforte accompaniment to one of my first songs, because, never having had any pianoforte lessons, I was not quite at home at the key-board.

The reason why I begin, pen in hand, with you, after having dedicated memorial words to so many far less intimate and far less important artistic acquaintances belonging to those happy days, when the world was all smiles, is this: I possess too few written materials, or I may say, I possess none at all, to assist my memory, now growing old, in relation to you, the dear lost friend of my youth. Yet a period of more than four decenniums lies between the present, when I am writing these lines, and the day that we first met at one of old Zelter's Friday Matinées in the Cecilia Hall of the Singakademie, when, with anything like an audience excluded, our attention was devoted exclusively to Sebastian Bach, you singing bass and I tenor, without my being in the remotest degree able to compete with you as regards vocal training or power.

Yes, it was at one of the never-to-be-forgotten Matinées under the "Blücher of the Singakademie," as I once called Zelter, that I first became acquainted with Otto Nicolai. He was under the usual height, perhaps a couple of inches shorter than myself, and fair. He had light blue eyes, somewhat prominent, such as Carl Maria von Weber probably had—judging by the portraits I know of him—and a finely chiselled mouth, to which a certain sarcastic smile was very becoming. In his bodily movements he was extraordinarily lively and graceful. Some months previous to my arrival in Berlin, Nicolai had inspired Zelter and all the musical circles of the capital with a considerable amount of respect by having, at a performance of Sebastian Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, sung quite correctly at sight the part of Christus, for Edward Devrient, who had been suddenly taken ill: a bold and successful feat which alone rendered possible the performance of the incomparable work on the day appointed—the 27th March, 1831. Nicolai was then only a little over twenty. Zelter introduced us in his own droll fashion with something like the following words. Turning to Nicolai and pointing to me, he said: "There's another of you who has plumped down among us from your Russian provinces, and been to Bernhard Klein, to become a shining musical light, and then come to me to sing in the Akademie. Well—he, too, will not pay the subscription; I must smuggle him in as I did you a twelvemonth ago. There, get on well together! I suppose you will knock about town pretty well."

There must have been a sort of blessing in these words. We got on together admirably. Never, up to the day of Nicolai's death, did the slightest disagreement disturb our friendly intercourse; as for "knocking about town," of that we did a goodly amount, without, however, becoming idlers. Nicolai was, it is true, the more industrious of the two, and became a far greater proficient than I did in many things. The lucky fact of his being able to play the piano and organ very admirably led to his appointment as organist to the chapel of the Prussian Embassy at Rome. In that city he not only learned Italian well, but profited by the opportunity to study so thoroughly, under Baini, chapel-master of the Sixtina, the old Roman Catholic composers, that in no more than a year he was created an honorary member of the once illustrious Society of *Maestri* and *Professori* in the Papal capital.

Otto Nicolai, son of Carl Nicolai, a talented teacher of singing and the pianoforte, was born on the 9th June, 1810, at Königberg-in-Preussen. He was not fond of referring to his boyhood, for it had not been a happy one. His father was a strange being, and led in Old Prussia and the German provinces bordering upon Russia a somewhat romantic life. At one time he gave concerts,

in which he took part as pianist and singer; at another, he appeared in opera as a tenor. I recollect hearing him at the theatre in my native town, Elbing, as Jacob Fryburg in Joseph Weigl's *Schweizer Famille*, and as Tamino, in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. He sang with musical correctness, but with a thickly veiled voice. He cut so comical a figure on the stage, however, and spoke the dialogue with so provincial a twang, that the audience not unfrequently indulged in fits of uncontrollable laughter. He had sufficiently dunned the piano into his little weakly, but, intellectually, much gifted son Otto, to be able to bring the latter out at public concerts, when almost still a baby. He must have treated the boy so harshly and unkindly as to reduce him to despair, for, when scarcely thirteen, Otto ran away from his tormentor. The boy wandered all alone and on foot through West Prussia, playing sometimes in the small towns, till he came to Pommerania. Here—if I am not mistaken, at Stargardt—he found the kindest possible welcome at the house of a lawyer in easy circumstances and passionately fond of music. I think the name of this worthy man was Adler. In this gentleman's family, all the members of which, like their father, were accomplished musicians—one daughter singing so admirably that she could scarcely be considered an amateur—the gifted and youthful fugitive remained upwards of a year, till, furnished by his benefactor with money and letters of recommendation, he was able to move on to Berlin, where Bernhard Klein, in his generous fashion, took him as a pupil. Thanks to Klein, Nicolai became acquainted with Ludwig Berger, and, if I am not mistaken, had the advantage for some time of pianoforte lessons from that excellent artist, though not with the intention of becoming a virtuoso.

Otto may have inherited from his father some slight hankering after adventures, a fact not to be wondered at considering the childhood he had gone through; but a strong feeling of ambition, with a dose of vanity in it, always restrained him from indulging this hankering to any dangerous extent, and the sacrifices he made to Bacchus and the God of Love were of no very great account. He was rather proud of his acquaintances among the fair sex, still he was probably a duodecimo Don Juan in appearance only rather than actually a very dangerous rake. He never set up housekeeping on his own account. To the end of his life he remained a bachelor in furnished lodgings. As such, he was naturally obliged to frequent restaurants and wine-shops.

When, in the summer of 1831, I formed my friendship with Nicolai, the Theatre Royal could still boast of that great actor, Ludwig Devrient, and I was burning with eagerness to be personally acquainted with the man who had excited my enthusiasm by his marvellous stage pictures of character. I asked my friend and brother in art, what course was the best for me to adopt, without bothering the artist, who, even then, was often ailing, by calling upon him at his own house. Otto advised me to frequent Timm's wineshop, in the Jägerstrasse. The host was the "boy Carl," who once, when waiter at Lütter and Wegener's, had "begun to be terrible" for Devrient by handing him a heavy bill. This wineshop of Timm's was the only one which the actor still patronised, and continued to patronise up to the period of his death, a year later. Devrient drank only very little, and very light wine, and it was only on one occasion that I ever saw him eat anything in the place. It was here that I eventually, and in a somewhat original manner, succeeded in introducing myself to him. Timm's establishment had, on the ground floor, only two rooms, looking into the street. The first, which you entered from the vestibule, had two windows. The next had only one. It was in the second room that Devrient, surrounded by a number of old friends and acquaintances, was accustomed, late in the forenoon, to take his place at a long table, the only one there. As an utterly unknown young man from the country, I never ventured, in the course of several visits, to enter this second room, but drank my solitary glass of "Kutschere" at a table in the large room, where I managed to place myself in such a manner as to be able to see Devrient at least in half-profile. One fine day it was too late to find anything to eat or any company at the "Bergold" restaurant, where, with other young musicians, I was accustomed to take my modest dinner before two o'clock. I proceeded, therefore, about three, to Timm's, in the Jägerstrasse, for the purpose of dining à la carte, though at that hour, when the frequenters of the small room had generally left, there was no chance, or, at best, only a very slight chance, of finding Devrient still in his seat at the

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

accustomed table. On entering the first and larger room, I saw no one in the room adjoining, and, as the table in the latter seemed perfectly deserted, I entered, with the intention of sitting at least once on the chair usually occupied by Devrient at the end of the table furthest from the window. Good Heaven! Devrient was sitting there all alone! After responding by a friendly nod to my bow, which must certainly have been rather an awkward one, he looked at me so kindly and encouragingly with his large dark eyes, that I plucked up the courage to seat myself at the long side of the table, opposite him, and order the waiter to bring me a bouillon and a glass of wine, intending, immediately I had dispatched them, to make my bow and be off. But matters turned out differently. Devrient was in vain endeavouring to light a cigar. "I say, Louis," he cried to the ministering spirit of the place, "this won't draw." Good Heavens! your cigars here are all stopt up."

After placing before me the cup of bouillon and the glass of "Kutscher," Louis had retired into the inner recesses of the establishment, to see the landlord and confer with him about another cigar. Meanwhile, without touching my frugal dinner, I had run off to a tobacconist's directly opposite, and asked for half-a-dozen of the best cigars in the shop, with the remark that they must, above all things, draw and burn, as they were for Herr Ludwig Devrient. I was back again in the room like a shot, and felt delighted to find that the waiter had brought no fresh supply. With increased confidence I approached the great actor, and offered him my blue paper parcel of cigars. With friendly amiability he took one out, and lighted it, before the waiter appeared with the landlord's own case. My cigar drew and burned. Devrient thanked me very much and praised it, though it very certainly never came from the Havannah. Meanwhile Timm, that "fearful youth Carl," a thoroughly good and honest fellow, had emerged, sleepy as usual in the afternoon, from the back premises and commenced a conversation with the actor, whom he highly esteemed and loved—as who did not? Almost as rapidly as people dine on the stage, I had dispatched my bouillon and cutlet, drunk the remainder of my "Kutscher," and asked for my score. Glancing down the table, Devrient remarked that I had not lighted a cigar, and inquired whether it was my habit not to smoke immediately after dinner. I had to reply that I never smoked. "How then did you come by the cigars of which you were kind enough to give me one?" I now confessed that for weeks I had anxiously been awaiting an opportunity of doing him some slight service, such, for instance, as pulling him out of the water, when he happened to be in danger of drowning, &c., solely and wholly in order to make his personal acquaintance, so much did I admire, honour, and like him.

"Timm, what do you think of that! The young gentleman yonder jumps up and rushes off to a tobacconist's, leaving his bouillon to get cold, on purpose to fetch me cigars, without being a smoker himself! Is it possible! Are there still such beings!"

With some slight help from the "terrible youth, Don Carl," Devrient rose from his seat and advanced towards me. Holding out his hand, contracted by gout, he said, "Good Heavens! What is your name?" Trembling with joy, I gave him my card, which he read and put in his pocket. Taking my hat from my grasp, he ordered a bottle of "sack," and invited me to sit down on the chair by his side. I did not then know what I learned afterwards from Timm, that the medical men had long earnestly and emphatically forbidden him to touch champagne. How happy I felt at daring to hob-and-nob with this great artist who was as good-natured as a child. On my afterwards describing the scene to Nicolai, he gave me a swinging slap on the shoulder and said, "You are a devil of a fellow! I have never spoken to Devrient!" When I subsequently went to Timm's and advanced to the threshold of the smaller room for the purpose of wishing him good day, the actor, who had introduced me, meanwhile, to the other frequenters of the place, would always cry out, "There comes Hermann, my cigar-purveyor!"* and I had to sit down by his side and have something to drink with him.

(To be continued.)

GÖRLITZ.—The third Silesian Musical Festival is to be held in this town next year.

* "Cigar-Rabe," literally: "Cigar-Raven."

SUMMARY OF THE PHILHARMONIC SEASON, 1877.

On Monday evening the sixty-fifth series of the performances of the Philharmonic Society came to an end. In the course of the season, during which two morning concerts were given, as in last year, the following works have been performed:—Descriptive Piece for orchestra, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (J. F. Barnett); Overture to *Parisina* (Sterndale Bennett); a Song (F. Clay); a Duet (W. G. Cusins); a Violin Concerto and a Song from the oratorio, *The Resurrection* (G. A. Macfarren); the Overture, *In Memoriam*, and a Song (A. Sullivan);—all English. *Scena* from *Le Domino Noir* (Auber); Valse from *Mirella*, and Ode from *Safso* (Gounod); Romance from *Mignon* (Ambroise Thomas); Duo from *Joseph* (Méhul); Symphony (E. Silas); Pianoforte Concerto (Grieg); *Ballade et Polonaise de Concert*, for violin with orchestra (Vieuxtemps); *Ave Maria* (Cherubini); *Aria* (Lotti); *Aria* from *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Rossini); Violin Concerto (Viotti); the Pastoral Symphony, Symphonies in B flat, C minor, and F, Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Violin Concerto, Overtures to *Coriolan*, *Eymont*, and *Lenore*, and the *terzetto*, "Tremate, empi tremate" (Beethoven); Symphony in C minor, Variations on a Theme by Haydn, and three *Lieder* (Brahms); Airs from *Semira* and *Acis and Galatea* (Handel); Air from *Orfeo* (Haydn); Elegiac Overture (Joachim); *Lied* (Klengel); Song (Manns); Air from *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Scottish Symphony, Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Violin Concerto, Overtures to *Melusine*, *Isle of Fingal*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn); Symphony in E flat, Concerto for Harp and Flute, Overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Airs from *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Idomeneo*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and Recitative and Air, "Mia Speranza adorata!" (Mozart); Concerto for Violoncello (Raff); Sonata for Violin (Rust); Grand Fantasia for Pianoforte, in C (Schubert—re-composed by Abbé Liszt); Incidental Music to Goethe's *Faust*, and Pianoforte Concerto (Schumann); Symphony, "The Power of Sound," Dramatic Concerto for Violin, and Overture to the *Alchymist* (Spohr); Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and *Scena* "Liebes-tod," from *Tristan und Isolde* (Wagner); Concertstück for Pianoforte, Overtures to *Euryanthe*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *Ruler of the Spirits*, *Jubilee of Augustus IV.* of Saxony, and Romance from *Euryanthe* (Weber).

The Solo Pianists have been—Mdme Schumann, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdme Mehlig; Herr Breitner, Mr Edward Dannreuther, Mr Jaell, and Mons. J. Wieniawski. Solo Violinists—Mdme Norman-Néruda, Mdme Marguerite Pommereul, Herr Auer, Mr Henry Holmes, Signor Papini, Herr Straus, and Mons. Paul Viardot. Violoncello—Herr Hausmann. Harp—Mr John Thomas. Flute—Mr Oluf Svendsen. The Vocalists were—Meadames Campobello Simico, Lemmens Sherrington, Osgood, Patey, Trebelli, Irene Ware, Worrell Duval, and Edith Wynne, Misses Bolingbroke, Mary Davies, Catherine Penna, Redeker, Reimar, Robertson, Thekla Friedländer, and Steele; Messrs Campobello, W. H. Cummings, Guy, Henschel, Edward Lloyd, Barton McGuckin, Henry Pope, Santley, Shakespeare, and Wadmore. Mr W. G. Cusins, Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen, has, for the eleventh season, conducted the concerts.

The Directors for the year are Messrs Walter Macfarren (honorary treasurer), Francesco Berger, F. B. Jewson, Charles Santley, C. E. Stephens, Harold Thomas, and John Thomas.

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ORCHESTRA OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Violins (First)—L. Straus (Principal), V. Buziau, T. Carrington, W. H. Eayres, H. Franke, F. van Heddeghen, J. Hollaender, A. Kummer, A. J. Levey, J. Ludwig, A. Scuderi, F. W. Wallace, and T. Watson. *Violins (Second)*—E. Payton (Principal), J. Berry, J. Buels, G. W. Collins, A. B. Fernandez, J. W. Gunniss, A. J. Haynes, W. H. Levey, N. Mori, J. B. Thirlwall, Von der Fink, and W. Watson. *Violas*—R. Blagrove (Principal), E. E. Asscher, G. Baird, T. Barrett, W. Egerton, J. F. Goodban, W. H. Hann, L. Silberberg, and T. Westrop. *Violoncellos*—W. Pettit (Principal), J. A. Brousil, W. Buels, H. Daubert, J. R. Gough, H. P. Kleine, C. Ould, F. T. Quinton, J. F. Rudersdorff, T. Sergeant, and H. Wohlers. *Double Basses*—H. Progatzky (Principal), B. Biehl, H. Burnett, W. Castell, F. Kendall, E. Ould, C. Wenkel, and A. Winterbottom. *Flutes*—O. Svendsen and R. Samson. *Piccolo*—A. Jensen. *Oboes*—H. G. Lebon and A. Feisel. *Clarionets*—G. A. Clinton and G. J. Webb. *Bassoons*—G. W. Trout and A. W. Chisholm. *Contro Fagotto*—J. W. Hawes. *Horns*—C. Wendland, F. Garthwaite, S. Markland, and A. Stock. *Trumpets*—W. Wilmore and P. J. Paque. *Trombones*—W. B. Chattaway, Charles Geard, and A. J. Phasey. *Bombardon*—J. Wilson. *Drums*—V. A. Chaine. *Bass Drum and Cymbals*—W. Dones. *Side Drum*—J. Smith. *Triangle*—T. Irwin. *Harp*—Mrs Frost and Miss Trust. *Chorus Master*—C. J. Beale. *Organ*—T. Pettit. *Conductor*—Mr W. G. Cusins.

[July 14, 1877.]

A QUESTION OF VIBRATIONS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Mr Alexander J. Ellis has done good service by comparing the tuning forks of different countries and of various dates by the standard of Appun's tonometer. It is, perhaps, the most accurate test of pitch hitherto brought into use for music, and it throws into shade such instruments as the siren, which depends upon equal turning by the hand, and upon the power of arresting them at the precise instant of a vibration. The tonometer may be employed upon sounds of so low a pitch as to be but just within the limits of audibility as music, indeed so low that the vibrations may be counted. All musical scales should be commenced upon their lowest note, because true scales are formed by aliquot parts of the string or pipe which produces the sound in question, and all the consonances—indeed, all the musical intervals of a scale—are multiples of its vibrations in inverse ratio to the aliquot length of string or pipe which produces them. Being all multiples, there can be no fractions of vibrations in a true scale. This is an essential point in music, but it is one which Mr Ellis has not taken into account.

The most satisfactory result from Mr Ellis's application of the test in question is that the French normal pitch appears to be more accurate in practice than in theory. Instead of the supposed 435 vibrations for A, Koenig's tuning forks, as tested by Mr Ellis, show the French A to make 439 vibrations in a second. If we add but one more, to make it 440 instead of 439—a nicely in which the best ears may have been deceived—the French standard will agree with that recommended for adoption by the committee appointed by the Society of Arts. The advantage of 440 is that A will then be the twentieth multiple of an F with 22 vibrations, as it should be, and this F with 22 will have its perfect fifth in a C with 33 vibrations, as 3 to 2 of F. The fourth octave of C with 33 vibrations is C 528. Thus instruments tuned from A or from C will agree in pitch. Mr Ellis would have an A with 444 vibrations, so that standards shall not agree.

It is impossible to consider Mr Ellis's proposals for tempering the musical scale as at all happy. He would have certain numbers of vibrations and fractions of vibrations, which added together shall equal the 2 to 1 of the octave. But the calculations are purely geometrical, without consideration for the consonance of the intermediate intervals, and he has readily fallen into this error by a thorough misconception of the nature of a musical scale. "The pianoforte," says Mr Ellis, "shows us an octave divided sensibly into twelve equal parts, called equal semitones." If music were geometry there might have been twelve equal semitones in an octave, just as there are twelve equal inches in a foot; but in music, as it is, no two semitones are equal. Mr Ellis should at least have known that, because when in Edinburgh he attended the lectures of the late Prof. Donaldson upon the elementary science of music. When an octave is divided into semitones the ratios range between 16 and 32. Mr Ellis selected 24 to 25 for the model semitone in a recent communication. Such is the ratio of the Fifth above any key-note with the semitone immediately above it. The rule applies to every justly tuned scale. So that, in the key of C, 24-25 is from G to G sharp; in the key of F, it is from C to C sharp; and, in the key of C, it is from D to D sharp. Thus, whether ascending or descending, we are supplied with a 24 to 25 for every key. Mr Ellis supposes "equal temperament" to mean a collection of those twelve semitones into one octave. It was fortunate that no wag was present at the meeting of the Society of Arts who was sufficiently malicious to call upon the lecturer for a musical illustration of this new model octave. We can fancy the dismay pictured upon the faces of the audience to have to listen to eleven notes out of tune in every twelve, and this not in one key only, but in every key. In C the semitones between C and G are 16-17, 17-18, 18-19, and 19-20. If all these were changed to the smaller ratio of 24 to 25, there would be no major tone, no minor tone, and no Third from C to E, in the scale.

Conscious of his own powers to divide vibrations into fractions, upon paper, Mr Ellis has, perhaps, overlooked that they are not divisible in practice. Suppose the interval of a Fourth vibrating in its cycle of 4 to 3. If at the end of the first cycle the 4 should have gained a quarter of a vibration over 3, it could not be arrested and made to begin again. It would increase its gain to half a

vibration in the next cycle, and would then vibrate in a diametrically opposite direction to No. 3. Each would thus neutralise the sound of the other so far as their proximity would permit.

The objection to the French standard of an A with 435 vibrations is that no octave below it could be perfect. The one immediately beneath would be 217½.

Those periodic coincidences of vibration which constitute the charm of music to the ear, under the name of consonance, are more or less affected by all fractions of vibrations in excess. It is thus that all tempering detracts from the fulness and the quality of musical tone, even when the inequalities are so slight as to escape notice by the many. Some ears are peculiarly sensitive, and it detracts much from their pleasure in music, while other ears will admit tempering in excess.

Wm. CHAPPELL.

[Why does not our old and highly esteemed contributor communicate with us more frequently? He is as welcome as rain after a drought.—D. P.]

ADELINA (JULIET) PATTI.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Mr Gye's arrangements allow but one performance of Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* during the present season, and that took place on Wednesday, naturally attracting a large, if not a crowded audience. We shall refrain from discussing the merit of an opera long since adjudged its final place. English amateurs know it well, and with all their admiration of the composer's method and genius as exemplified in *Faust*, they seem quite content with no more than the occasional hearing which will be granted so long as an artist like Madme Adelina Patti exists to represent a character of undying charm. Madme Patti was the first and remains the only Juliet on the Anglo-Italian stage; nor is she likely to have her monopoly of the part disputed. She suits it to perfection, and seems to reproduce the ideal of Shakspeare, in all its warmth and beauty, with the ease of instinct. Her Juliet strikes us as real, not as a simulation; while everything she does is apparently achieved with no more effort than woodland nooks make when they "send violets up and paint them blue." These remarks apply to Madme Patti's assumption of the character from the beginning; but they should, if possible, be stronger, in order to do full justice to the latest embodiment. On Wednesday the gifted artist surpassed herself. Never before, as far as our recollection goes, did she discharge her task with so much power and passion, or seem so moved by the sentiment of the various scenes. As the *dénouement* approached, her capacity rose to the demands upon it. If the chamber scene was marvellous in its tenderness and devotion, the interview of Juliet and the Friar was still more wonderful in its dramatic intensity, this, in turn, yielding to the inspiration of the final catastrophe. Briefly, Madme Patti's acting as Juliet assumed the heroic proportions which might claim for it a place not only on the tablets of memory, but in the pages of history. Her singing we need make no effort either to describe or praise. The waltz air, "Bella calma," was encored as usual, and every phrase of the music deserved equal honour. * * * * * The Romeo of Signor Nicolini shared not a little of Juliet's warmth and passion; the one thus assisting and deriving help from the other. Good throughout, Signor Nicolini took his part in the chamber duet so as to be not unworthy of association with Madme Patti. Than this we know no higher praise.

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LEIPSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

In answer to the statement circulated in several papers that "Herr Wagner had again withdrawn his permission for the performance of the *Nibelungen* at the Stadththeater," the management have formally denied that such is the case. They say that, on the contrary, it is they who have come to the conclusion of the inadvisability of bringing out the work. They add that they have adopted this resolution in consequence of certain material demands made by the composer after the agreement had been definitely settled.

M. FRANCIS PLANTÉ.
(From the "Times.")

The concert given the other day at the French Embassy, under the patronage of the Princess Louise and the Marquise D'Harcourt, in aid of the French charities in Leicester Place, was interesting for more than one reason. It was instituted for a benevolent purpose, and, as is not invariably the case in similar circumstances, the programme offered attractions both varied and legitimate. The attendance, moreover, was such as to warrant a belief that the object of the undertaking had been fully attained, and that considerable benefit would accrue to the excellent charities concerned. A more distinguished audience has rarely assembled on such an occasion. Regarded from an artistic point of view, the appearance among us of one so justly renowned as M. Francis Planté, to whom the position of foremost pianist of his country has for some time been unanimously accorded, alone sufficed to raise curiosity. To many English amateurs the exceptional talent of M. Planté is sufficiently known; but to others even his name is unfamiliar. We can say without reserve that his performances fully bore out his repute. M. Planté is an artist in the strictest meaning of the term. Though his mechanical powers would seem to be unlimited, he is not merely a showy player, but gives a distinct meaning to whatever he interprets, combined with a marked individuality exercising a charm of its own, apart from the brilliant manipulation that accompanies it. His style, devoid of exaggeration, is pure and unaffected; and, at this period of egotistical display, it is refreshing to mark the quiet repose with which he accomplishes passages of the greatest difficulty so as to leave an impression that there is no difficulty whatever. We have not, indeed, for a long time heard such finished playing marked by so little evidence of self-assertion. From among the several pieces introduced by M. Planté we would especially point out two, as opposite in character, as they are excellent in kind. The first of these was the *andante* (in C minor) from Weber's Grand Sonata in A flat; the second was Mendelssohn's fairy-like Caprice in E minor. Weber's *andante*, to be well understood, demands from the player, alternately, earnest expression and vigorous accent; Mendelssohn's Caprice (with which Mdme Schumann has now and then charmed us at the Monday Popular Concerts) requires, on the other hand, extreme delicacy of touch united to rapidity and neatness of execution. M. Planté was thoroughly at home in both. He appeals to his hearers in a slow movement with as much persuasive eloquence as he surprises them by the ease with which his agile fingers seem to fly over the keyboard, without ever striking a false or doubtful note, to provoke criticism from the most experienced connoisseur. Rossini used to say about Mendelssohn's Caprice in F sharp minor (Op. 5) that, when looking at the printed copy, he hardly understood how so many notes could be crowded even into a *prestissimo*, but that on hearing Mendelssohn himself play it he did not find a single note too many. Could the great Italian composer have heard M. Planté execute the Caprice in E minor he would doubtless have come to a similar conclusion. It was, in fact, perfect from beginning to end. But not only does the French pianist excel in the music of Weber and Mendelssohn; he shows himself equally conversant with that of Chopin and Liszt, a *scherzo* from the first, and a brief "Rhapsodie" from the last-named master, being among the compositions included in the selection. M. Planté did not limit himself to solos. He played with M. Lasserre, the excellent first violoncellist in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, a *polonaise* by Chopin, written expressly for pianoforte and violoncello. He also gave the *adagio* and *rondo* from Weber's sonata in E flat, originally composed for pianoforte and clarionet, but now arranged for pianoforte and violin, the violin part being sustained by M. J. Sauzay, a relative of the once renowned Baillot, of whom Mendelssohn speaks so warmly in his letters from Paris, and for whom he wrote the slow movement interpolated in his first quintet for stringed instruments. M. Sauzay is an artist of unquestionable talent, which he not only proved in the duet with M. Planté, but also in two pieces by Baillot himself—a march and *rondo*, accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict. Some vocal pieces

contributed by M. Diaz de Soria, the well-known "chamber-singer," respectively accompanied by Sir Julius and Mr Ganz, agreeably varied the programme. One of these, an *Aubade*, being encored, M. de Soria was compelled to sing again. The entire programme—also comprising excerpts from Hummel's famous septet, arranged (by the composer himself?) as a quintet for stringed instruments, which afforded M. Planté another opportunity of exhibiting his versatile talent—was one well calculated to keep the audience in their places to the end. It is to be hoped that M. Planté, who came from Paris expressly to give his services in aid of the French charities, and returned home almost immediately after, will before long pay us a *bond fide* professional visit. He may rest assured of a hearty welcome in a larger arena, for such talent as he possesses is rare and deserves to be widely recognised among us.

MUSIC AND SENILITY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—The Berlin *Echo* remarks that the majority of musicians, in consequence of nervous excitement, fail to attain old age. As exceptions, it quotes the following, all dating from the last century, and still actively employed:—Enckhausen (1799); Grell (1800); Hünten (1792); Lobe (1797); Speyer (1790); Teschner (1800); and Wohlfahrt (1797).—Yours obediently, SAMUEL TOFER TABLE.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.



DEAR SIR,—I trust that the "other children" at Milan, where dwells Lamperti (a sweller!) may flourish. I also hope that the happy (rest of the) family, intending to give a concert, may be compelled to hire three cabs to take home the proceeds. If they expect to get much they are, indeed, a "happy family." Of course, should Cosmos (hardly the man for such

bursts of indiscriminate prodigality) take the affair in hand, pay expenses, of hall, advertisements, &c., they may come out scot free—and, so to say, *quit for their pains*. But what poor simple, unmanaging (unimaginative would not do) creatures they must be, to think that any one outside the circle of their immediate friends (supposing them to be amicably encircled) would either purchase tickets just now, or even accept them *gratis!* There are swarms * * * * *—but *jam satis*. And Lamperti!!! Yours obediently,

PITT P. PILL.



P.S.—An Atalanta girl sat on her lover's hat, and kept him three hours over time. When next that young man goes to see her, he should hang his hat up on a nail.—P. P. P.

MUNICH.—Wagner's *Siegfried* is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal. Next summer the *Nibelungen Ring* is to be produced entire.

COLOGNE.—The Corporation have appointed a Committee for getting up a Musical Soirée at the Gürzenich, in honour of the Emperor Wilhelm, who will shortly visit the town.

DÜSSELDORF.—Great preparations are being made by the well known "Malkasten," or "Paint-Box" Society, to receive the Emperor and Empress of Germany as well as the Crown Prince, who have signified their intention of being present at an entertainment to be given by the Society next September. The entertainment will consist of pictorial and musical tableaux, illustrating important events connected with the history of the German Emperor in the Rhenish provinces.

[July 14, 1877.]

Tip van Winkle.

"I've sworn off."

Tip.—"But this one shan't count. Here's a health to yourself and families. (*Drinks.*) Where's Schneider? (*Drinks again.*) Schneider (*from under the table*).—" Bow! bow!"

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

COMMITTEE.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.
Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.
Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.
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Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER.
The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it.
All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*.
Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR,
12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs
Drummond."

Portraits.

No. 3.

TO JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.



"I say, old boy! —he knew what he was about?"



DEATHS.

On July 1, at Clapham, EMILY C. HENSHAW, aged 79, wife of W. HENSHAW, Mus. Doc., fifty years organist of Durham Cathedral.

On July 5, at 23, Chepstow Place, Bayswater, after many years of suffering, ROBERT CLOTHIER, Esq., artist, in the 57th year of his age, deeply regretted.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877.

SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IT is not improbable that the Emperor of Austria will attend the Festival. If so, he will enter his name in the Mozart Album. In consequence of the illness of Herr Bleitzacher, of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, and of Herr Lauterbach, the *Concertmeister*, the programmes have been slightly modified. The place of the first-named has been assumed by Herr Josef Staudigl, of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Baden, who will sing an air from Spohr's *Faust*, and take part with Mdme Dustmann in a duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; while a substitute for Herr Lauterbach has been found in Dr Krancsevics, *Concertmeister* at the National Theatre, Pesth, who has placed his services at the disposal of the committee. Prince Starhemberg has consented to lend, from his Family Museum, the original furniture of the Mozart Pavilion.

HERR MAURICE STRAKOSCH, the famous *impresario*, is in London.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MIDDLE CAROLINE SALLA has returned to Paris. The engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre of this charming and accomplished artist, considering the general satisfaction it has given, was only too brief; and every amateur will look forward with anxiety to her return next season.

MR PRATT, a composer and pianist, from Chicago, is at present in London, and intends to give a concert at the residence of Mrs Morell Mackenzie, in Harley Street. He will be supported by Mdlles Valleria and Rosavella, Miss Fullman, Signor Foli, Mr Shakespeare, and other distinguished artists.

It is asserted that the management of the Scala will not be allowed to produce next season any opera belonging to the well-known house of Ricordi, Milan. Why not? *Qui en sait?* —J. V. B.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE fifty-sixth concert of the Schubert Society at the Langham Hall on Thursday, July 5th, was for the benefit of Herr Schuberth, the indefatigable director, who was warmly received by a crowded audience. The programme was miscellaneous, opening with a Trio (Beethoven), played by Herr Hause, Herr Schneider, and Herr Schuberth. The other concerted pieces were a Trio by Niels W. Gade, and Haydn's well-known "Variations on the Austrian Hymn," for stringed quartet. Mdme Sievers played a solo on the harmonium, Mdme Pratten one on the guitar, Miss Albrecht a *polonaise* by Chopin, and Herr Schuberth a solo violoncello (encored). The vocalists were Miss Agnes Larkom, Mdme Louise Gage, Mdlle Camponi, Miss Leonora Braham, the sisters Allitsen (Mr Goldberg's clever pupils), Messrs Henry Pyatt and Ferris. This concert, which closed the eleventh season of the Schubert Society, will be remembered as one of the most deservedly successful. The brief winter season will begin next November.

[July 14, 1877.]

MISS FLORENCE SANDERS (pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes) gave a concert, under distinguished patronage, at Langham Hall, on Thursday evening, June 7th. She was assisted by Misses Mary Davies, Annie Butterworth, and M. J. Williams; Messrs Stedman, Frank Holmes, and Wadmore. The pianist was Miss Florence Sanders, the accompanist Mr Alfred Gilbert. Miss Sanders played a fugue by Bach in D major; another by Rubinstein in A flat; Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata; a solo composed by the late Prince Albert, entitled "Sounds are through the forest dying"; and a "new transcription" of the Duke of Edinburgh's "Galatea." We have had reason on more than one occasion to eulogise the playing of Miss Sanders, one of Mr W. H. Holmes's most distinguished pupils; and rarely has she deserved more unqualified praise than now. She was warmly applauded after each of her performances. Among the vocal pieces especially noticeable were Balfe's "Si tu savais" ("Didst thou but know?"), by Miss M. J. Williams; Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea," by Miss Annie Butterworth; "Honour and arms" (Handel), by Mr Frank Holmes; and Abt's "Ever thine," by Miss Mary Davies. The conductor was Mr Alfred Gilbert.

HERR LEHMAYER gave a concert on Tuesday evening, July 3, at St George's Hall, aided by some of his pupils—Mesdames Webster, Kate Faselle, Messrs Craig, Mayhew, and Welby Wallace also giving their assistance. Mr Wallace sang with great effect Mr Ignace Gibson's "My lady sleeps" and Signor Tito Mattei's "Rita," in both of which he was encored. Herr Lehmyer, who played several pieces with great ability, was warmly applauded by a numerous and attentive audience.—I. G.

THE "London Conservatoire of Music" gave its opening concert at Langham Hall on Tuesday, June 12th, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell. A large and appreciative audience attended. The programme was varied and attractive. Signor Tito Mattei performed one of his Nocturnes and his fourth Valse (encored); Herr Heinrich Leopold, Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D minor; M. Albert (violincellist), Dunkler's Caprice Hongroise; and Mr F. Chatterton, a brilliant harp solo on "Irish airs." Miss Helen Rice gave "Stride la vampa," and Wellington Guernsey's popular "Beacon" (encored); Miss Venie Roy sang Ganz's "Love hail'd a little maid," and Miss Julie Gladstone an air by Auber. Herr Jacoby played a violin solo by Raff, and Messrs Leopold and L. Cottell a "Wedding March," composed by Mr Cottell, for two performers on the piano, which was received with well-merited applause. The other performers were Misses Florence Montgomery, Ethel Grant, Messrs Rudland, Roworth, Signor Montelli (vocalists); Misses Nellie Turner and Blanche Rooth (instrumentalists). Mr Cottell and Herr Leopold accompanied the vocal music.

MR WELEYE WALLACE's concert, on Wednesday last, at Willis's Rooms, proved one of the most agreeable of the season. The programme contained both good names and good things. Some débutantes sang, one of whom, Mdlle Manerf, possesses a soprano voice of excellent quality. Mdlles Friedländer and Redeker gave duets in a charming manner, Signor Urió sang "Un aura Amoroso," and Signors Foli and Caravoglia were both warmly applauded, the former in Signor Tito Mattei's "Patria," and the latter in "Largo al factotum." Herr Wilhelmj played a violin solo with his own inimitable mastery, and M. Albert, a solo on the violoncello. Mr Welby Wallace, who possesses a tenor voice of sympathetic quality, sang, with much expression, Signor Mattei's "Rita," and Mr Ignace Gibson's serenade, "My Lady sleeps," being called upon to repeat both. Signors Li Calsi and Romili, with Herr Lehmyer, were the accompanists. Some well-known amateurs and professors were among the audience, and the room was crowded.

The following is the programme of the organ recital given by Mr J. Lemmens on the great organ, at the residence of Mr. Nathl. J. Holmes, The Hall, Primrose Hill Road, Regent's Park, on Saturday afternoon, June 9th, 1877:—

Prelude in five parts (diapasons) organ school (J. Lemmens); Sonate Pontificale, No. 1 (J. Lemmens); Sacred song, "For this our heart is faint," *The Resurrection* (G. A. Macfarren)—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington; Fantasia and Fuga, G minor (J. S. Bach); Tema with variations (J. Lemmens); Prayer in E (vox humana, with violoncello accompaniment) (J. Lemmens); Song, "But oh! what Art can teach," from the Ode to St Cecilia (organ accompaniment) (Handel)—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington; Grand fantasia, "The Storm" (J. Lemmens); Finale (J. Lemmens).

Miss Sherrington presided at the pianoforte.

FLORENCE.—Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was recently given under the direction of Signor Jefte Sbolci, in the Palazzo Vecchio. The instrumentalists numbered 100, the chorus just double. The solo singers were Signora Celega, soprano; Signora Biancolini, contralto; Signor Rossetti, tenor; and Signor (Mr) Sweet, baritone.

REVIEW.

"*A First Book on the Theory of Music*," by Louisa Gibson, Professor of the Pianoforte. London : WEEKES & CO., NOVELLO & CO., WHITTAKER & CO.

THE fault of those well-meaning but mis-directed authors who seek to guide the young intellect through the mazy intricacies of the science of music, generally lies in their want of moderation and lack of discernment. Seeking to do too much, they end by encompassing little or nothing, and, instead of helping the student along the thorny path, they place positive obstructions in his way—fresh difficulties having to be encountered at each turn, which ought not to be met at all in a preliminary course. Miss Louisa Gibson has discovered where others have erred, and her "first book" contains nothing but what is absolutely essential to a general and comprehensive understanding of the subject in its primitive form; everything is clearly and definitely stated, and the facts are left unencumbered by useless matter, argumentative or reflective. Perhaps the one weak point in the booklet is the fact of its being cast in a cathechetical form. This may be all very well, and appropriate enough, for the juveniles for whom the work is ostensibly written; but a treatise of such excellence should have a wider sphere of usefulness, and appeal to those children of a larger growth who have not been taught to "lisp in numbers." In the *Theory of Music* we have a compilation of facts the knowledge of which is indispensable to the pianist, the vocalist, and the general scholar. In fourteen short chapters able explanation is given of the notes and their value; rests; dotted notes and rests; the various clefs; the position of the hands, arm, and fingers when playing on the pianoforte; the separate kinds of time, and table of signatures; triplets, rhythm, accent, emphasis, and syncopation; ornamentation and embellishment such as the *appoggiatura* and *acciaccatura*; turn and shake; marks of expression; intervals consonant and dissonant, major and minor augmented and diminished, and table of intervals with their inversions, diatonic and chromatic; scales, transposition, fingering, melody, and harmony. We may point to the chapter on clefs as a very simple and excellent elucidation of one of the subjects which has hitherto formed a stumbling-block in the way of aspiring young musicians; but, indeed, what is true of this section, applies with no inconsiderable degree of force to the whole work. We see that it has already been adopted at the South London Musical Training College, and at other schools for girls in London and the provinces, and we see no reason why its value as an educating medium should not be still more widely recognised. Miss Gibson does not let the subject rest here, and her second and third books, treating of melodic and harmonic progression, sequences, suspensions, &c., and dissonant harmony, or chords of the 7th and 9th, &c., will doubtless be found quite as worthy of commendation. A couple of shillings could not be better disposed of than in the purchase of Miss Gibson's *Theory of Music*.

D. L. R.

A Walk.

(For Music.)*

To A. S. SULLIVAN, Esq.

My heart is chill, my bosom drear,
I droop with grief like a willow tree;
My hopes are dark that once were fair,
For my love has turned out false to me.

Her looks were love, her smiles delight,
Her breath with the wind made melody;
Her eyes, as they gleamed in the pale moonlight,
Spoke all that her bosom felt for me.

Her gentle voice made my warm blood dance,
As she murmured unchanging truth to me;
My weak frame quivered beneath her glance,
The sun of its over-much troubled sea.

"I love thee," she said, and my pulse stood still,
My thoughts then did listen most eagerly;
"I love thee now, and ever will,
For thou art all the world to me."

She wept, and her tears were as April showers,
My thirsty lips kissed them with passion away;
And I thought not then that such bright flowers
By the winds could ever be wafted astray.

* Copyright.

Dphis.

BOLOGNA.—The Archeologico-Musical Exhibition, which was to have taken place here next summer, has been postponed for a twelve-month, so as not to clash with the Paris Exhibition.

MR OBERTHUR'S CONCERT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—As it must have been a source of disappointment and annoyance to many who went to Willis's Rooms to-day for my *matinée musicale* and finding it suddenly transferred to St James's Hall, I feel it my duty to explain that such an unusual proceeding was caused through the proprietors of Willis's Rooms having, at the short notice of less than twenty-four hours, refused me the use of the rooms, on the plea, that they had entered their engagement toward me for another date; although I engaged the rooms for the 5th of July more than two months ago, and for which date, ever since the *matinée musicale* was advertised, and the tickets issued, the large concert-bills announcing the *matinée* to take place on the 5th July have been standing before the door of Willis's Rooms. I refrain from further comment on the matter, but I cannot conclude without tendering publicly my warmest thanks to Mr Austin for his kindness, in placing, under these trying circumstances, St James's Hall at my disposal.—I am, your truly obedient, CHARLES OBERTHUR.

14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W., July 5th.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my Ride to Khiva.

The Last Scene—The Rider carries out his own proposition—Safe Return and Explanation all round.

The sun had risen in the East. Its warm rays illuminated the snow desert for miles. The trackless regions seemed a blaze of dazzling light. . . . What was there to explain the fearful sound that had so shocked my nervous system? . . .

Putting on my blue magnifying glasses, I distinctly made out small feet-tracks in the snow. . . . Heavens? . . . What feet? One glance more, and I had awoke to the reality. . . . They were the print of Pig's feet—the remains of Trotters!!!

6.30.—I have been peering through my telescope. Far away in the distance I catch sight of Herr Gruntz, the Learned Pig, galloping away towards the snow range as fast as his legs will carry him? A deserter! Why is this? "Boot and spur!" I cry. I rush to boot to ascertain if, after all, I am not deceived, and whether it is not another pig, or a phantasmagoric pig—a pig of the mirage—that I have seen.

No! Alas!! Alas!!! Alas!!!!

For one hour I am overcome. I cannot even write it down in my Diary.

Wickski!

7.30.—Recovered. I make this entry: "O miserable day! O woe! Woe! Woe!"

(It was lucky I said this out loud, as the horse had begun to trot off after the Pig; only, when he heard "Woe! Woe!" he pulled up, and stopped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.)

Let me record the fact.

On the ground before the boot I found the letters of the alphabet thus arranged:—

"Mouse would sing. Pig could not sleep. You called Pig a bore. Mouse hath murdered sleep. Pig hath murdered Mouse. Henceforth Pig is a wanderer on the face of the earth."

At once I examined the hole where the Mouse used to repose.

Only the remains of a small bit of toasted cheese!

I see how it was done. Detectives of no use here. Pig evidently put cheese out for Mouse. Mouse went out to supper, and Pig, like a second Lucrezia Borgia—or, rather Boar-gia—murdered the unhappy vocalist at the meal. As there are no traces of the deed, it is clear that Pig ate Mouse.

Alas! alas! This breaks up the establishment. "Oh, all my pretty chicks in one fell soup!" How intent Shakspere must have been on chicken-broth when he wrote this—if my quotation is correct.

And yet—Justice must be done. The Pig must be pursued and punished—yes, even though he flee to Africa, for protection among the sons of Ham!

8 A.M.—Packing up, and off. Gaoler's Daughter still asleep. Why disturb her? Why should her fate be linked with mine? I will leave a slip of paper, saying, "If I'm not back by four, don't expect me." I shall not be back at four, and she will not expect me. At least she can never say that I disappointed her. Farewell, O Gaoler's Daughter!

Away to Khiva!

11 A.M.—Several miles on the road. Horse galloping. Through telescope I see Pig reaching summit of distant range. Pig's ears visible—back—curly tail—hind trotters in air as he disappears over the mountains.—

Oh, if a thaw would only set in! Oh that these ice-mountains would but melt! I should re-name the locality the *Melton* country. It is like travelling over a perpetual rink.

Next Day.—Forced to abandon sleigh, trap, and Tartar Boy. Told him to wait till called for. He asked for payment, alleging that he was the sole surviving representative, the heir and assignee of the Sleigh-driver. Kicked him. Tartar Boy threatened to follow me on skates, or to go back to Gladitzova and inform Russian Police that I was a spy.

Gave Tartar Boy three roubles and a half (sorry to part with one of them, as it was my tossing rouble, with which I had been invariably fortunate—but this is mere superstition), and promised to send the rest home to his mother. Farewell, ungrateful Boy! Ta ta! Tartar Boy! I am now alone! with the sleigh behind me containing only the empty boot and the broken barrel-organ, and I am bravely sticking to my word, for I am riding postilion to Khiva.

The day after.—Still riding, thank heaven! A thaw!!! The mountains are disappearing! The tops of the spires of the kromeskys in Khiva are just visible to the spectacled eye.

Midday.—Clear view all round.

4.30 P.M.—Thaw continuing. Attic-windows of Greek Church in Khiva visible. On! on! my gallant mare!!

5 P.M.—I am suddenly aware of being followed at a distance by a crowd of people. Through telescope I recognise their faces. They are all persons to whom I have, during my progress, given free admissions for the first night of my Exhibition (with Pig & Co.) at Khiva. What a house it will be! But how can I apologise for the non-appearance of Herr Gruntz? Perhaps I may yet come up with him. Thawing fast. No more mountains; they are thawed away! Geo up!

Last Days of my Diary.—Shall I ever reach Khiva? Only a few pounds of cocoa left in my saddle-bags. No wickski! All gone! Cold setting in again. No money left. Only a cheque on the Kashgar Bank.

Monday.—Came on a small village suddenly. It is called *Bokagain*. The Bokagainians told me I'd better not proceed. Dangerous. Ask them for an advance on my Kashgar cheque. The Bokagainians informed me they never advanced. They gave me some rice, as many black beans as will make five white ones, and an inland haddock (dried), as a symbol of amity. Rode on to Khiva. Made some cocoa. Lost sight of pursuers.

Same Night.—Gave horse some beans, and some whacks. On again.

Next Morning.—Horrible—too horrible! Saw wolves before me. Waved my hat, played barrel-organ, and hooted. They went away slowly . . . as if after a heavy meal. . . . A carcass lies in the road . . . *Cold Pig!* . . . Alas, poor Pig! . . . Shed tears—the first I've shed for some time. . . . Poor Pig! What will thy family say? "This Pig went to Khiva, this Pig stayed at home," &c. He may have deserved his fate, but there were two sides of bacon to his character. How playful and unobjectionable was thy cheek! How thou didst lick thine own pork chops! Alas, poor Pig! I strew thy resting-place with beans! . . . Fortunately the wolves have left the greater portion of his skin. On the spot I cover my saddle with it. *In-memori-ham.* . . . Once more in the pigskin!! But what will the free admissionists say?

Next Night.—Khiva at last. At a distance they perceive me. Flags up. Fireworks. Rejoicing. Bands of music. Rush to meet me. Affecting scene. I have achieved my object. I have ridden to Khiva!

Arrived. I dismount, and ask for a bath. They cannot give me a bath, but bring me an old Khan.

Jollifications. Will they change my cheque on the Kashgar Bank? Yes, with pleasure, on receiving instructions to that effect from England. Till they do, will I stop here as a guest, and enjoy myself? Certainly. Good.

I am at Khiva. The free admissionists are outside the gates parleying with the Governor, who is inside looking over the wall. My "orders" only admit them to my show, but not into Khiva. Row.

The information which I shall be able to give the English Government will be most valuable.

Joyful News!—I re-open my Diary. This morning I heard a peculiar yet familiar noise outside my door. Half awake, I jumped out of bed.

"Who's there?" I cried, in three languages.

No verbal answer, but in the space between the door and

floor appeared some of the letters of the well-known alphabet, spelling, "Me! Poor Pig! Pardon!"

I opened the door, and in he trotted. Alive! all alive!! . . . He is pardoned. It was the remains of a wild boar that I had mistaken for those of Herr Gruntz.

To-Night.—At Khiva. First performance of Learned Pig. Great success.

Shall return to England at once. As I learn there is a performing dog going about in the best society imitating my Pig's tricks.

My Pig will tell anyone his or her age on the cards if the inquirer only mentions the date of his birth. He need not do this aloud, but merely whisper in my ear, or write it down.

My Pig will double any number that any gentleman or lady in the company may think of; he will halve it; he will add ten to it; he will subtract twenty: and be right in the result. He will back himself against *Psycho* or *Zoe* at the Egyptian Hall, and play *écarté* and the Russian *Ykooh Dnib* with any one, including either Mr Maskelyne or Mr Cooke, for twenty pounds a side.

My Pig will be shot from an eighty-four pounder, dance on a slack wire, and take a hundred feet header into a litter.

No connection with any other show now exhibiting. Pigstickers beware! Early application to my agent in London absolutely necessary.

From information received, I may mention that it is highly probable that I shall be able to add an

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION

In a Terpsichorean performance by the

FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

Who has written to say she will join me in London at an enormous expense. She will be accompanied by the

EVANSKI CHORISTERS,

Who will sing most of their native Tartar glee, play the Sleigh Bells, and dance

THE "NWODKAERB,"

The National War-Dance of their native land.

The whole to conclude with

A GRAND PYROTECHNIC AND PANORAMIC DISPLAY, With scenes in the (circle introducing the Governor's horse), illustrating the various episodes, the almost insurmountable obstacles, the escape from wolves, comic business with sentry in sentry-box, and, finally, myself on the Governor's horse, in full costume, as I rode into the gates of the town, and so finished

THE RIDE TO KHIVA!!

Postscriptum.

I am now riding back. I promised to outdo Captain F. Burnaby, by riding to and from Khiva. My friends who have confidence are already singing, "He will return, I know him well." And believe me, "I am coming, Sister Mary!"

Returning via Monaco.

Not many people here. Good business. Met rich old gentleman. Left poor old gentleman. Rode on.

Paris.—Once more in the capital of pleasure. *Moi et le Cochon!* Rode into Paris by the *Arc de Triomphe* on horseback. *L'homme Cheval* they call me here. The bill is headed with the picture of a centaur.

Boulogne.—One night only. All quiet.

Calais.—Crossed on horse-back by the packet-boat.

Dover.—Arrived. Never dismounted once. Riding at anchor. On my way to home, sweet home.

End of Diary.

Editor's Appendix.—We have done our riding representative an unintentional injustice. Private Wire, who was an old soldier in every sense of the word, has absconded, and left a confession with the Confidential Boy in our office, who has returned to his duties thoroughly penitent. Private Wire has appropriated the subscriptions raised for our riding representative's tour, and therefore our representative has been, equally with ourselves, the victim of a cruel conspiracy. Our esteemed contributor's friend, the livery stable keeper, has called on us, and we have referred him for a settlement to our riding representative, who, on his return, will no doubt set everything right.

He has returned. All amicably settled. We retract everything, and are sorry we spoke. He is a man of his word. Everything is right. No further difficulties. There can be no doubt that our excellent friend has ridden to Khiva and back again. In future we shall have every confidence in him, and send him away as soon as possible. He says Khiva is a very charming place, and, from his description, not totally unlike Margate.—ED.

(From the "Musical World.")

The Ride Gidden.

To the Rider.

OBAMBULANT SIRRAH! And Spider? I've a mind to arraign you (*arraigné*—registered) for not coming across him again once more. Cruel, too, to cut short my weekly (real—not weakly*) entertainment thus early. Why did you ever reach Khiva? You'll never get again into such fairy-land—and you might have gone on for months, more and more delighting your sequentials.

I must return to Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres!* I was in the midst of a pleasant dream—as one who dreams that he is dreaming, and now it is all dispersed. No more pig!—no more horse!—no more Governor's eyes in chinks!—no more fair Circassian!—no more wolves (where were your bears—away from map?)!—no more et ceteras! I could sit down like a tired child, and weep away this life of care which I have borne and yet must bear, and which your "Ride" brightened, | enlivened, solaced, &c. Bad fellow (though not bad rider)! Never mind—yours the same,

D. PETERS.

July 10 (Khivan 14).



Alas! Poor Horse!

* Registered.

MUSIC AT STAFFORD.
(From a Correspondent.)

The new Borough Hall of this town was opened with civic pomp on Wednesday the 20th ult. In the morning the municipal authorities paraded the streets to the handsome building, where they made speeches, proposed toasts, drank healths, and revelled in congratulations at the competition of an important, and much wanted addition to their town. The citizens closed their shops, and suspended business; flags were taken from hiding places, unfolded, dusted, and thrown out from windows to flutter in the summer breeze, and proclaim that a day of great rejoicing was come. In the evening a concert was given in the new hall, by Mr E. W. Taylor, a resident professor. Anxieties were felt as to the capacities of the building for musical purposes—soon, however, to be dispelled. The performers quickly removed all doubts as to the acoustic qualities of the room. An excellent programme was framed for the occasion by Mr Henry Nicholson, of Leicester, who kindly lent his aid and who engaged a capable and attractive party to carry out the scheme. The vocalists were Messrs Sherrington, Osborne Williams, and Messrs Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas; the instrumentalists, Mdlle Brousil, Mr H. Nicholson and Mr E. W. Taylor. The opening piece, Trio (on themes from *Rigoletto*), tested the acoustic quality of the hall, and also the artistic excellence of the executants. The delicate vibrations, the fair violinist, the rich tones of the flautist, and the varied manipulations of the pianist, proved that they were the right people in the right place—artists in a room worthy of their powers. The vocalists successfully assisted in carrying out an enterprise made easy by the disposition of the audience to be pleased with everybody and everything. Stafford has not hitherto asserted its musical proclivities. Will it do so now that it has such an admirable hall, or still be only known to artists as a halting place in journeys to and fro the north? An answer depends upon the enterprise of Messrs. E. W. Taylor, Inglis Bervon, and J. Senior.

P. G.

—
RICHARD WAGNER AT HOME.*

(Continued from page 459.)

Passing over intermediate orders for satin trowsers, satin jacket, satin coverlets, and so on, we come to the following:—

Dear Miss Bertha,—Tell me exactly how much money I should have to send, for you to make a dressing gown according to the accompanying directions? The colour must be pink, like one of the accompanying patterns, which I have marked 1 and 2, so that you may calculate the prices of both, for I suspect they are not the same. That marked No. 2 is somewhat stiff and slight in the back—probably of Austrian manufacture—but the colour pleases me. So—an exact estimate. Of the blue, I select some of the accompanying pattern which I return. I hope it is not too dear; I require 18 ells. In case the money intended for the fresh purchases is not sufficient, I now forward 25 thalers more, which you will be kind enough to put down to my account. Send me with the blue satin at least 10 florins' worth more of the very narrow blond, which was forgotten, for shirt trimming, you know, about an inch wide.

Mad. von Bulow wants her bill for the portfolio, and will settle it immediately. So—how much would the dressing-gown, of which I enclose a specification, cost me? Best greetings. Your obedient,

RICHARD WAGNER.

Lucerne, the 1st February, 1867.

Pink satin, stuffed with eiderdown and quilted in squares, like the grey and red coverlet which I had of you; exactly that substance, light, not heavy; of course, with the upper and under material quilted together. Lined with light satin; six widths at the bottom, therefore very wide. Then put on extra, not sewn on to the quilted material—a padded ruching all round of the same material; from the waist the ruching must extend downwards into a raised facing (or garniture), cutting off the front part.

Study the drawing carefully: at the bottom the facing or *Schopp*, which must be worked in a particularly rich and beautiful manner, is to spread out on both sides to half an ell in width, and then rising to the waist, lose itself in the ordinary width of the padded ruching which runs all round. At the side of the raised facing, three or four rosettes of the same material. The sleeves, like the last you made for me in Geneva, with padded edging—rich; in front a rosette, with a broader and richer one inside at the bottom of the part which hangs down. In addition to this, a broad sash five ells long, the full breadth of the material at the ends, only somewhat narrower in the middle; the shoulders narrower, so that the sleeves shall not pull; you know. So at the bottom, six widths (quilted),

and on each side a facing half an ell broad in front. So at the bottom, six widths and an ell broad.

This letter is the gem of the collection; it is something unique, since it contains two pen-and-ink sketches by the master, namely: a sketch of the pink satin dressing-gown padded with eiderdown, a magnificent garment, in which any court lady would create a *furore*, as well as a smaller one of the scarf five ells long, which only makes us anxious least the wearer, who is small in stature, should stumble over it as he walks along. The sketch of the dressing-gown reveals extraordinary accomplishments after the best models in the books of fashions. The "quilted squares" are executed in light lines and display great tenderness of feeling. The "raised facing" and "rosettes" exhibit broad handling of the pen and an energetic hand. The "padded facing" in front is fantastically executed—after the manner of Callot. And what life in the whole! The master's love for his work has lent animation to the latter, as Pygmalion's did to the statue. Nay; this dressing-gown has a soul; the eiderdown pulsates in the quilted squares; the ruchings are not padded, they are puffed out with sentiment; the rosettes breathe again! I must leave to my fair readers the task of studying more minutely the dressing-gown, that to this interesting object (the photographed sketch is shortly to be published, and given as a supplement to the books of fashions) I may quote something diametrically opposite, which shows us the master in quite a different toilet.

In the *Frankfurter Wochenblatt*, Adolf Oppenheim publishes a short article entitled, "From Richard Wagner's Stormy Years," and relates how, among the stock of a peripatetic vendor of old books, he came across a bundle of documents containing sketches of the charge of high treason brought, in 1848, against the Royal Chapelmaster, Richard Wagner, and the draught of the warrant for his apprehension. Wagner, the democrat, the revolutionist, and the composer of *Rienzi*; Wagner, who sounded the tocsin for the attack upon the Dresden Arsenal, looked quite different. The description of him in the warrant runs thus:—

"Wagner is from thirty-seven to thirty-eight years old, middle height, with brown hair and open forehead; eyes, greyish blue, nose and mouth well proportioned; chin, round; wears spectacles. Peculiar marks by which he may be known: quick and rapid both in his movements and way of talking. Dress: Overcoat of dark grey buckskin, trousers of black cloth, velvet waistcoat, silk neck-handkerchief, ordinary felt hat and boots."

I cannot say that the composer of *Rienzi* in an ordinary felt hat and boots appeals largely to my sympathies. He pleases me infinitely better in the character of poet-composer of the *Gotterdammerung*, as we see him to-day, in pink satin Walkyrie dressing-gown, six widths and an ell at the bottom with a satin sash five ells long!

*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.**

(To be continued.)

—
DRESDEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The artistic decorations of the new Theatre Royal, "Royal Court Theatre for Opera and Drama," to give it its full official designation, are fast approaching completion. The colossal bronze quadriga, with Dionysus and Ariadne drawn by panthers, after the model of Professor Schilling, already occupies its place in the exedra of the principal front. After the four statues of Muses, now in the Professor's studio, have also been set up in the exedra, the scaffolding will be cleared away and the edifice completely exposed to view. The statues, or rather groups of two statues each, for the balustrades at the sides of the building will shortly be in position. These groups, executed like the statues of the Muses in sandstone, represent Jupiter and Prometheus, Antigone and Creon, Jason and Medea, a Satyr and a Bacchante, Macbeth and a Norne, Faust and Mephistopheles, Don Juan and the Stone Guest, and Oberon and Titania. They are intended to typify the tragic conflicts which convulse man's life and excite the dramatic efforts of the poet.

* (?) Should not this line rather run thus:—

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."?

In the former order of the words, it will not scan; in the latter, it will.—

TRANSLATOR.†

† Assuredly.—D. P.

[July 14, 1877.]

WAIFS.

Flotow is completing a new opera, *Die Musikanten*.

Mdme Annette Essipoff has returned to St Petersburg.

Mdme Carvalho is studying the part of Inez in *L'Africaine*.

Adelaide Ristori is in Paris, where she intends giving performances next October.

Mdme Marie Sass has accepted an engagement of five months in the United States.

M. Massenet is composing an opera, entitled *Robert de France*—balletto by M. Gallet.

Mdme Marie Roze is to be the vocalist at the Brighton Royal Aquarium concert to-day.

Dr Hans von Bülow has been appointed conductor of the Glasgow Choral and Orchestral Concerts. (Qy.)

Miss Minnie Hauk has consented to appear six times next season at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

The King of Portugal has purchased all the works of the Padre Serrao, who died recently at Ponte Delgada, in the Azores.

Sig. Bottesini will shortly visit Milan, where it is reported that he is engaged as future conductor at the San Carlo, Naples.

Signora Angelina Bottesini, sister of the well-known conductor of the same name, and herself a distinguished pianist, has just died at Naples.

M. Maurice Strakosch has announced for next winter a series of Monday Popular Concerts on the model of those in London, to take place in Steinway Hall, New York.

A violin by Girolamo Amati (17th century), large pattern, and splendidly ornamented, is for sale at Lecco. Amateurs can obtain information from A. Ghislanzoni, office of the *Giornale Capriccio*.

M. A. Rubinstein's *Nero* will be one of the first operas produced next season at the Théâtre-Italien. The composer is expected in autumn to superintend rehearsals and conduct one or two performances.

Mdme Bertha Ehnn, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has signed an engagement for next February and March at St Petersburg. Mdme Christine Nilsson will sing during the same period at Vienna.

Mdile Alwina Valleria and Signor Talbo are engaged by Mdme Trebelli and Herr Behrens for their opera and concert tour in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden during the months of August and September.

M. Deldevez will shortly retire from the post of conductor at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, his successor being M. Lamoureux, late of the Opéra-Comique. M. Deldevez will retain the conductorship of the Conservatoire Concerts.

Among works produced next season at the Paris Opéra-Comique will be *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *L'Éclair*, *Le Déserteur*, and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, &c. Mdme Lacombe-Duprez will make her *début* in the last. There is some talk of *Joconde* for the new baritone, M. Strozzzi.

After a successful season, during which many novelties have been produced, Mr and Mrs German Reed announce their last performance to-day (Saturday); and, after a short tour in the provinces, propose to re-open the St George's Hall on the 1st of October next. A special performance is announced for Monday, July 16, for the benefit of Mr John Williams, who has for many years been connected with the entertainment.

We announced yesterday the destruction by fire of the Rotunda Theatre at Liverpool. The *Liverpool Post* says the alarm was given by a policeman, and the occupants of the apartments in the southern portion of the building had barely time to escape with their lives. The fire brigade was speedily on the scene, but the flames continued to spread rapidly, and, at six o'clock, the roof giving way, the structure became a heap of ruins. The loss, not counting articles belonging to the proprietor and the company, is estimated at from £25,000 to £30,000. Less than one-half is insured.—*Globe*, July 10.

MILAN.—M. Gounod's *Cing Mars* will be given next season at the Scala. The composer has promised five new numbers. It is, also, probable, that *Maria Tudor*, by Signor Gomez, will be performed. Lecocq's *Pompon* has been brought out at the Teatro Dal Verme.

WIMSEADEN.—The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Theatre Royal was duly solemnised a short time since. On the evening previously the performance included *Die Ruinen von Athen*, by Beethoven, and an occasional piece, *Im Haine der Erinnerungen*. On the day of the anniversary itself, the programme comprised Spontini's *Vestalin*, preceded by a special prologue.

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